LITERARY EXAMINER.

The Snow Drop in the Poor Man's Window.

It was a darksome alley,
Where light but seldom shone,
Save when at noon a sun-ray touched
The little sill of stone.
Beneath the poor man's window,
Whose weary life was bound
To waste, at one dull ceaseless task,
The passing seasons round.

Spring's dewy breath of perfume,
And summer's wealth of flowers,
Or the changing hue of Autumn's leaves,
Ne'er blest his lonely hours.
He knew, too well, when Winter
Came howling forth again—
He knew it by his fireless grate,
The wind and plashing rain!

Pierced by the frost-wind's biting,
His cheerless task he plied;
Want chain'd him ever to the loom
By the little window's side.
But when the days grew longer,
He stole one happy hour,
To tend within a broken vase,
A pale and slender flower.

How tenderly he mov'd it,
To catch the passing ray,
And smiled to see its folded leaves
Grow greener every day!
His faded eyes were lifted oft
To watch the snowdrop bloom,
To him it seemed a star of light
Within that darksome room.

And as he gently moved it
Near to the sun touched pane—
Oh! who can tell what memories
Were busy in his brain?
Perchance his home in childhood
In a sylvan valley lay,
And he heard the voice of the running streams,
And the green leaves rustling play!

Perchance a long-departed
But cherished dream of yore,
Rose up through the mist of want and toil,
To bless his heart once more.
A voice of music whispered
Sweet words into his ear;
And he lived again that moonlight hour,
Gone by for many a year!

Or but the love of Nature
Within his bosom stirr'd
The same sweet call that's answer'd by
The blossom and the bird!
The free, unfetter'd worship
Paid by the yearning soul,
When it seems to feel its wings expand
To reach a brighter goal!

An aspiration showing
Earth binds us not her slave,
But we claim a brighter being,
A life beyond the grave!

Vintage in Syrmia.

In fact, I found upon our whole road, as we mounted the frontier town of Carlowitz, the hills, which I had crossed, scarce ten days before; teeming with bustle and animation. The vineyards that skirted the road, then so deserted by living objects, were all alive with moving human creatures, mounting, descending, gathering, stooping, lying, in every variety of group. Our very passage was constantly obstructed by the confusion of the vintage proceedings: frequently whole troops of my favorite white oxen, in teams of two or four, or as many as six, formed a wall across our way, to a distance, the depth of which was invisible; and, since all these teams had big, long, wooden carts at their tails, the solidity of these walls seemed at first to be insurmountable to our carriage with its light Hungarian horses. * *

After all these hindrances, we came, also, upon troops of women who were carrying loads of grapes in wondrous fashion. Over one of their shoulders they bore a bent piece of wood, after the fashion of that which milkmaids used to carry in other days, and perhaps still carry in some places, for the support of their pails. From the hooks at each end of this species of yoke hung large clusters of grapes reaching almost to the ground, arranged in such wise that each cluster, of some hundred grapes or more, looked only like one gigantic bunch, reminding one of the well known picture of the two Israelites carrying in triumph the miraculous bunch of grapes from the discovered 'land of milk and honey.' I afterwards found out that beneath each of these large masses of grapes was a machine, made of reed and osier work, large and rounded above, tapering below, upon which the bunches were so fixed and intertwined as to form those Brobdignagian bunches, of which each woman carried two; the name of this machine, or structure, or whatever it may be called, is, in the Sclavonian dialect of the country, *evenka*. * *

Towards evening, a proposal was made by some of the *chateau* party, to undertake a rambling excursion into the hills behind the park, in order to witness some of the 'humors' of the vintage in the open air. * * Peasant women and their children were coming from their own little peculiar vintage with large baskets full of grapes upon their heads: and, although they sometimes staggered with weariness under their loads, they did not seem the less gay, the less full of the influence of the abounding season for all that. Here already the scene was sufficiently animated. But presently we turned up stony gullies from our road into the upper hills, and wandered here and there, with curious intrusion, into the vineyards on their sloping sides. Here the scenes were still more strange and fanciful. In some, beneath hedge-rows behung with masses of creeping plants, were littered down heaps of straw and dried leaves, on which groups of peasants of both sexes had lain down, men and women together pell-mell, for the repose of the night; here and there sat knots of girls, murmuring low together, and having evidently a great deal of important matter to talk about, in their own little coteries, before they slept; in far corners, where the bright moonlight had difficulty in piercing some thicker canopy of bush or creeping plant, and where the shade was deeper and darker we thought we could distinguish something of the proceedings of rural flirtations, but these retired nooks we were too discreet to investigate more closely. In others, again, were lighted fires, at which suppers were being cooked or eaten; and clustering groups sat round, in the strange fantastic picture-like lights and shades produced by the struggles of the moonlight and fire-light. In one spot the supper was concluded, and there was a great romping and shouting between 'men and maidens;' some of the girls were springing over the still burning fires to avoid too hardy lovers, and then turning round with a coquettish laugh, to raise up a quantity of lighted wood-embers in their regardless hands, and fling them in the faces of the audacious youths, or of each other; or when some young gentleman's conduct was really too naughty, he was seized by two or three stout damsels, and dragged, as if through a fiery ordeal to test his truth, across the burning wood, if not, perchance, flung down upon his back into it: but all this seemed to be acted in a spirit of vast good-humor and good-fellowship.—*Letters from the Danube.*

Life is shortened by indulgence in anger, ill-will, anxiety, envy, grief, sorrow and excessive care. The vital powers are wasted by excessive bodily exercise in some cases, and want of a due portion in others.

Alexander Dumas, the French Novelist.

Mons. Querard, a celebrated French author, distinguished 'for accuracy' and industry, has just published a work on the literary impostures of France, in which he convicts the popular *Feuilletonist*, Alexander Dumas, of being the greatest literary impostor, the most impudent and wholesale plagiarist that the world ever saw. The *Athenæum*, in noticing the work in question, says, "There are few of our readers who have not been struck by the exaggerated figure and impossible pretensions, the matchless effrontery, ineffable coxcombry, colossal gasconading, and at the same time prodigious success of Alexander Dumas, the monster *Feuilletonist*, the Briareus of literature. He will survive as a type of the literary swaggerer: letters have not produced his peer. There need be no delicacy—if such revelations as these before us be true—with a man who has had no delicacy for his own secrets. He has not himself thought of concealing his craft. He has attitudinized in newspapers and strutted into courts of justice claiming to be a conjuror. The spirit of the mountebank he has paraded on the open stage of literature. He has been found of visibly throwing dust in the eyes of the public, showing his tricks and defying you to find them out. 'Like Katterfelto, wondering at himself,' he has, by all possible means, advertised his 'wonders.' Of course most people suspected an imposition, though they knew not its secret. That any man should produce eighty volumes a year of his own writing few believed: it was enough to have sold them!" In the first place, it appears that this scribe, whose imagined fecundity has astonished the world, has kept in his pay a company of no less than seventy-four *collaborateurs*. A popular name has been used as the guarantee of the vilest trash, and thus goods have been sold to the public under false pretences. He has sold the works of others as his own. He has stolen, wholesale, translations of foreign works, and published them as his own original versions. He has taken entire stories written by his contemporaries, and given them to the world as his sole work. All the plays, save four, which he has sold to the theatres, are proved to be from the pens of his *collaborateurs*, and the four, which are *Henri III.*, *Christine*, *Charles VII.*, and *Don Juan de Marana* are cooked up from numerous authors, whole scenes being taken in some instances, while characters and incidents are appropriated unblushingly and without compunction. The most popular of his novels are here given to the authors who wrote them. Even *Monte Cristo*, *Les Trois Mousquetaires*, and *Vingt Ans Apres* are the work of others, and the pet of the Parisians is left bare indeed.—'*Monte Cristo*' is in two parts, and these two parts have different authors, P. A. Fiorentino for the first, and M. Aug. Maquet for the second. From a work, published in Paris, in 1837-8, bearing the title *Memoirs tires des Archives de la Police de Paris, pour servir a l'histoire de la morale et de la police depuis Louis XIV.. jusqu 'a nos jours, par J. P. Peuchet, Archiviste de la Police*, Dumas has copied, and 'textuellement', two episodes: namely, *Francois Picaud, histoire contemporaine*, and *Madame de Vartelle, ou un Crime de Famille*. In the latter, he has simply altered the names of the people. From the novel called *La Rou de Fortune*, by A. Arnould, he has completed his history of *M. Morel*. *Les Trois Mousquetaires*, and *Vingt Ans Apres* were composed by M. Maquet; though, very naturally, following the example of his chief, he has boldly stolen a great part of them from the *Memoires d'Artagnan*. A scheme of association on a system of annexation like this, somewhat enlarged, would soon bring the whole literary estate of the world into the territorial keeping of a company."

Musical Fishes.

Aquatic animals are generally supposed destitute of the means of making themselves heard; and if they communicate with each other, it is usually supposed that it must be otherwise than by sound. The seal has, it is believed, a peculiar and distinct cry; and the grampus snorts as it attains the surface. Frogs and other amphibious animals croak long and loud enough; but in all these cases the sounds are emitted, not under, but above the water, and by creatures rarely more than half aquatic. The cetaceous races have warm blood, and suckle their young; and fishes, properly so called, are considered, as we shall presently show, erroneously, a silent race. The long-eared Balaamite is justly reckoned the strangest ass mentioned in history; and a scaly creature emitting sounds may truly be reckoned an odd fish indeed. A party lately crossing from the promontory in Salsette, called the Neat's Tongue, to near Sewree, were about sunset struck by hearing long distinct sounds like the protracted booming of a distant bell, the dying cadence of an æolian harp, the note of a pitchpipe or pitchfork, or any other long-drawn out musical note. It was at first supposed to be music from Parell floating at intervals on the breeze; then it was perceived to come from all directions almost in equal strength, and to arise from the surface of the water all around the vessel. The boatmen at once intimated that the sounds were produced by fish abounding in the muddy creeks and shoals around Bombay and Salsette: they were perfectly well-known, and very often heard. Accordingly on inclining the ear towards the surface of the water, or, better still, by placing it close to the planks of the vessel, the notes appeared loud and distinct, and followed each other in constant succession. The boatmen next day produced specimens of the fish, a creature closely resembling in size and shape the fresh water perch of the north of Europe, and spoke of them as plentiful and perfectly well-known. It is hoped they may be procured alive, and the means afforded of terminating how the musical sounds are produced and emitted, with other particulars of interest supposed new in icthyology.—*Colonial Magazine.*

Men and Women—Mountains and Waterfalls.

Men enjoy mountains; women enjoy waterfalls. There is no saying why it is; but the fact is positive. Perhaps it may be that men can toil up the rugged steep with greater ease, and, therefore, enjoy themselves the more when they reach the top. Perhaps it is that there is something grand and bold, and rough, and dangerous in the very nature of a mountain, which the masculine mind is alone capable of fully understanding. In waterfalls, there is all the beauty of form, and light and graceful motion, and harmonious sound, and cooling freshness, and ever-changing variety that woman always loves; and there are over-shadowing trees, and an escape from the noontide sun, and the hum of insect life, and moss-grown stones, and soft grassy banks. Waterfalls and their adjuncts have a kind of mystic influence about them, that acts with all-persuasive energy on the female mind. Hearts, like stones, are worn down by their action, and the swain has often been indebted to the Naiad for the granting of his prayer.

[Blackwood.

A Miller and his Wife.

The mill was finished, and was now grinding away as briskly as it had ever done in the days of its former activity. A steady miller has been engaged, and now with his wife and two or three chubby children, inhabited the old miller's cottage close by, which had also been put into thorough repair. The finishing of the mill, and the 'house-warming' of the miller's cottage, had been celebrated by a supper at old Jacob Scantlebury's, at which Marcus Welstead presided, and his three sons were present. * * * * * He was pleased to see so respectable a thing again on his estate. He was glad to see that business came pouring in too, and after the first toast of prosperity to the mill, he had actually given, 'Prosperity to Jacob Scantlebury, and may he continue to grind his corn in the new-risen mill for many a long year.' Old Jacob was at first quite knocked down by this unexpected kindness; but he got over it, and in rising to return thanks got into such a rambling and tangled discourse, where all sorts of scriptural metaphors and sayings were turned topsy-turvey, as made much more laughter and merriment than the wittiest fellow in Christendom could have done. 'Onions and garlic in the flesh-pots of Egypt' were brought in to illustrate the jolly old state of things to which he had so often looked back. He declared that he had sate looking on the desolate old building for many and many a day from his windows, 'like a spar on the house-top,' till he felt 'like a brother of dragoons and a consoler of owls.' But line upon line, and pre-a-cept upon pre-a-cept,' had done the work, as it always would. He had always admired the maxim, 'that he that puts his hand to the plough should never look back to the harrow,' or he would neither plough nor harrow, and then the miller would have nothing to grind. He was for stroke upon stroke, and heap upon heap, as Sampson said when he slew a thousand men with the jaw-bone of an ass. He likened himself and the miller to the two women who were grinding, and one was taken and the other left. It would soon be his lot to be taken; his grinders were wearing fast away; but he should always reflect with pleasure, after he was dead, that there would be work for the grinders of the fresh generation for many a day from the old mill again. He had often felt lonesome in the old house, when the mill stood still; but now the mill-wheel was good company for him, and the water dashing over it as good as a song—to say nothing of the miller himself—when he came out for a bit of a chat in the evening.' But if Mr. Jacob was confused, his wife was confusion itself. She occupied the head of the table, and with the exhilaration of the evening, became most talkative. She declared that so solitary had their house been before the mill was inhabited again, that she used to hear the birds snoring in the woods as she sate on the hearth (she had heard the wood-pigeons cooing). There was no christian creater nearer than Benton, the cooper house, (Benton the cooper's house; she never used the possessive case,) and the screaming of farmer Radley geese was the only rational sound that reached her from morning till night. Now, she saw something entertaining every day. There was always a-going and a-coming from night till morning. Yesterday, old Watkisson horse had dropped down dead at the mill door, and died directly. One day there was actually a hawker crying an interesting murder, and the other day three sailors had lost their way in the valley, because they had come so far without seeing anybody to ask.'—*Howitt's Hall and Hamlet.*

The Voices of Birds.

The voices of birds appear to me (the notion may be merely imaginative) a special adaptation to their localities and habits. Almost all the birds that haunt our coasts, with the exception perhaps of the *anatidæ* or ducks, have a low melancholy wail clear and melodious, but still wild, that appears to be admirably in keeping with the loneliness of the spots they inhabit. Before us lies the wide waste of waters, with here and there a heavy lagging sail which seems to mock the very idea of life and bustle; around us spreads an unbroken extent of low marshy land, where no trees rear their heads, and where the rush and the sanfoin alone may grow. How beautifully in unison with such a scene is the clear shrill whistle of the curlew and plover, and the wild hoarse voice of the gull! It makes sadness pleasingly sad, and desolation more desolate, to listen to such sounds amidst such scenery. Who would like to hear them in the neighborhood of his dwelling? for which the busy chirp of the sparrow, the twittering of the swallow, and the loud clear accents of the danger-defying chanticleer, are so well attuned. Copse and woodland covert, hedge-row and orchard, seem made purposely for the clear music of the mavis and merle. With what clear accents burst forth these gladsome notes from every dell and dingle, and how harmoniously they rush through apple-blossoms, and may-flowers, and sweet smelling plants. They render rusticity more rustic, and are the most glorious pæans that could be sung at the revels of luxuriant nature. Birds do not sing in winter amidst gloom and mist and thick-pelting snow, but reserve their songs for spring and summer, nature's fairest and rosiest holidays. Where shall the sky-lark find a freer temple for his rich morning song than the blue firmament with azure above him, and emerald shades beneath, and the bright sunbeams sparkling on every plume? Or what hour shall the nightingale choose for her clear calm orisons but the witching hour of eve, when the earth and all its creatures are hushed into a willing auditory? Surely the plover was made for solitude, and the mavis for glad retirement, and the fowl for the barn-door; and the sky-lark for mid-heaven, and the nightingale for dewy eve.—*Ruegg's Evening rambles.*

First Love.

[From the French of Lamartine.]

My image, in her soul, the first was graven,
As, on a waking eve, the morning Heaven.
Since then nought else her captive heart could move;
From the first hour she loved, the world was love.
She blent her life with my life; and her heart
Saw all with my own spirit: I was part
Of all beneath yon blue o'er-arching scope
Of all Earth's joys, and Heaven's immortal hope.
Distance and time for her existed not:
The present bounded all her life and thought.
Ere this she had no past: her future lay
In the soft evening of each summer day.
She trusted in the influence, smiling fair,
On our young hearts, and in the spotless prayer
Given with her flowers, and joys that knew no tears,
On the loved altar of her girlish years.
She led me by the hand into the fane,
And what she did, I, child-like, did again:
Then would her voice say softly, "pray with me,
For ev'n sweet Heaven I know not without thee!"
But why return to long departed years?
Let the winds blow, the murmuring waters roll:
Return, return, my melancholy soul:
Come memory; but no tears.

Camoens's Grave.

Passing through Macao, I visited Camoens' Cave, the burial place of the immortal Portuguese poet, author of the 'Lusiad.' It is situated in a beautiful garden, belonging to Madame Pereira, not very far from the city of Macao, and close to the European burial-ground. The so-called cave is a rude, picturesque archway, formed of two enormous blocks of stone, with another large rock placed upon them, and elegantly shaded with splendid showy trees, which wave their feathery branches over the entire mass—fit resting place for a poet's 'mortal coil.' On the summit of the roof-block they have placed a small hexagonal summer-house, chiefly remarkable for the ridiculous number of silly signatures of unknown visitors, who ignorantly deface and mar whatever is curious, hallowed, or beautiful. Most of these debasing autographs are English; the only one worth noticing was by some inspired Portuguese, who had written, in the devotion of his heart, 'Luis Camoens te adoro!' a sentence, however trite, singular for its affecting simplicity. In the solitude and retirement of this garden, and in the midst of the rocks that now form his grave, the immortal minstrel is said to have delighted to wander and 'chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy.' The verses, with the composition of which his tender soul beguiled the tedium of his lengthened banishment, now serve to decorate the marble of his tomb. The poet's bust surmounts the pedestal, and shows a head at once benevolent and animated. Many a pilgrimage is made to this hallowed spot; and the effective scenery of the ornamental gardens that surround his tomb, tends materially to increase the soothing influence of the feelings that arise when visions of the past and the dreamy fancies of a poet's life crowd around. A good effect is wrought upon the man who breathes a genuine sigh in memory of the great, whether the object of his regret has poured forth the melody of his nature in streams of living verse or has given to his country laws or liberty, art or science.—*Sir E. Belcher's Voyage of the Samarang.*

Trees.

I have a peculiar love for trees; and do not willingly allow of one being cut down or even transplanted. There is something melancholy in carrying a poor tree from the society in which it has been for years domesticated, amongst new companions, and into a strange soil; from which, however unhappy it may feel itself there, it cannot escape, but must await its time of decay, through slowly languishing years. At all times there belongs to trees a remarkable character of longing, as they stand fixed for ever to a single limited spot of earth, and strive with the extremities of their branches to reach out as far as they can beyond the space to which their roots are confined. I know nothing in nature so well adapted to be a symbol of longing desire. The condition of man, indeed, with all his seeming mobility, is, at the bottom, the same. He, too, let him range about as he may, is after all in reality chained to some mere spot of ground.—*W. Von Humboldt's letters to a female friend.*

A Delicate Image.

A woman-child she was: but womanhood
By gradual afflux on her childhood gain'd,
And like a tide that up a river steals
And reaches to a lilied bank, began
To lift up life beneath her.

[*Taylor's Eve of the Conquest.*

The Chateau d'Eu.

This tranquil looking spot seems always to have possessed an anomalous attraction for fierce spirits. Napoleon set his heart upon it, and it was actually purchased for him by the Senate; but England provided for the Emperor another domain, and the chateau, with the furniture and portraits, though with greatly diminished dependencies, was restored to the daughter of the Duke of Penthievre, mother of Louis Phillippe.—The exterior presents a vast oblong building of brick, propped with stone pilasters, and surmounted by an irregular slated roof, the whole immediately bringing the Tuileries to your recollection. The park contains forty hectares. The lower part, which is not visible from the castle, is after the present fashion. Here the classic taste of the seventeenth century has been *brusqued* by the romantic spirit of the modern English garden; winding walks, and scattered shrubs and trees, ponds of all shapes and sizes, white swans sailing by green islands, aquatic plants of all kinds, and willows weeping over banks of sward, that take, as fancy might say, their verdure from the tears. The upper park, commanded by the windows of the chateau, is laid out in terraces, and planted by Le Notre. It consists of a large square plat of ground, divided by cruciform walks, and disposed in formal beds. A stone deity stands at each corner of the plat, and the metrical cadence of a fountain in the midst, distributes order through the whole. Beyond the flower-beds, the park reaches away until it disappears in the perspective of lofty elms and beeches, that bound it on either side. From the open space innumerable alleys of trees vista off to right and left, forming, with their interlacing branches, many a beautiful aisle; beautiful, but so serious withal, that no excitement of moonlight or light air would justify the most frivolous fairy in dancing anything less solemn than a minuet upon the sward below. The window of the King's study was open; a fit spot to stand and gaze upon the scene. 'Twas impossible not to feel how well the severe disposition of the trees, and the mournful regularity of the *parterres*, accorded with the grave recollection of the place. How often must the great man to whom the castle now belongs, look from that window upon the historic spot, comparing its chequered destiny with his own eventful life. There are few indeed can look back on a career so full of vicissitudes as the present King of the French. Fate has crowded into his seventy-four years such an amount of hardship, danger, and extremes of condition as seldom fall to the lot of man.—*Rollo and his Race.*

Nature.

Nature! kind mother of all that is gentle, and lovely, and true! with thy balm, and bloom, and beauty; with thy pure green fields, and sunny skies, thy garlands hung out on every hedge-row and thy banners on every leafy tree, who would be 'stoked, and coked, and smoked,' aye, and choked, too, by 'stern utilitarianism,' while he can enjoy one hour with thee? And the music that is all thine own! No 'grating of dry wheels on axletrees,' to set the teeth on edge; no grinding of organs, and hammering away at cracked pianos, and the shriekings of some vain pretender; but the ecstatic gush of clear music; pouring in rich cadences from the throat of the sky-lark, as with the bright dew sparkling on his wings, he soars aloft, far, far, away into the depths of yon bright immensity, till he becomes like a mere speck of gossamer, his song mellowed by the distance, and still heard, even when his form is lost from sight!—*Ruegg's Evening Rambles.*

Schiller.

I have often been acquainted with persons, both men and women, in whom this condition (of constant bodily suffering) was habitual, and who had not even a single probable hope of ever getting free from it, unless by death. To this class especially Schiller belonged. He suffered much, suffered constantly, and knew, too, that (as was actually the case) these perpetual pains were gradually drawing him nearer to death. Yet, of him it might truly be said, that he kept his sickness imprisoned within the limits of his own body; for at whatever hour you might visit him, in whatever state you might find him, his mind was always cheerful and tranquil, and ready for friendly intercourse, and for interresting and profound conversation. He would even say at times that a man can work better in certain states of bodily ailment—not those, of course, of acute suffering; and I have found him, while actually in this uncomfortable condition, composing poems and prose essays, in which no one, surely, could discover a trace of this circumstance of their birth.—*W. Von Humboldt's Letters to a female friend.*

Lilies.

I have a peculiar fondness for lilies: their color, growth, scent, all is infinitely lovely; and, beyond this, they have a kind of splendor which is wanting in all other flowers. In Italy and Spain you may see flowers growing wild, that with us are only to be found in gardens. But lilies are extremely rare. On the island of Ischia, near Naples, there is a species of lily, with a very rich perfume, but its color is not so dazzlingly white, but has rather a greyish tinge. It grows on one spot of the island only; and that too on the very driest patch of sand on the shore, although the lily, in general, will only live in a good soil. The inhabitants relate that this is a kind of miracle, for which they are indebted to St. Rosalia, the patron saint of the island. On the spot where the virgin formerly suffered a martyr's death, these lilies now grow.—*W. Von Humboldt's Letters to a female friend.*

Captain Bragg.

He scarcely gives any but men's parties, and invites the whole club home to dinner. What is the compliment of being asked when the whole club is asked too, I should like to know? Men's parties are only good for boys. I hate a dinner where there are no women. Bragg sits at the head of the table, and bullies the solitary Mrs. Bragg. He entertains us with stories of storms which he, Bragg, encountered—of dinners which he, Bragg, has received from the Governor-General of India—of jokes which he, Bragg, has heard; and however stale or odious they may be, poor Mrs. B. is always expected to laugh. Woe be to her if she doesn't, or if she laughs at any body else's jokes. I have seen Bragg go up to her and squeeze her arm with a savage grind of his teeth, and say, with an oath, 'Hang it, madam, how dare you laugh when any man but your husband speaks to you? I forbid you to grin in that way. I forbid you to look sulky. I forbid you to look happy, or to look up, or to keep your eyes down to the ground. I desire you will not be trapseing through the rooms. I order you not to sit still as a stone.' He curses her if the wine is corked, or if the dinner is spoiled, or if she comes a minute too soon to the club for him, or arrives a minute too late. He forbids her to walk, except upon his arm. And the consequence of his ill-treatment is, that Mrs. Camysole and Mrs. Bragg respect him beyond measure, and think him the first of human beings.—*Our Street.*

Inconvenient Etiquette.

At Boni, the etiquette of the court proves how despotic it has become: when the patamnkowe sits, all sit; when he rises, all rise. So far things are within reasonable bounds; but, should he ride, and fall from his horse, all about him must fall from their horses likewise. If he bathe, all must bathe too, and those passing go into the water in the dress, good or bad, they may chance to have on.—*Captain Mundy's Borneo and Celebes.*

True and Beautiful.

The tree
Sucks kindlier nurture from a soil enriched
By its own fallen leaves; and man is made
In heart and spirit from deciduous hopes
And things that seem to perish.

[*Taylor's Eve of the Conquest.*

Ice and Snow in Switzerland.

In traveling through the Kander Valley I had the company of a pleasant, intelligent man, a pastor, who, in spite of rain and wind, gave me a great deal of information concerning the mode of life of the people of his parish, as well as concerning the mountains around, with which he appeared thoroughly acquainted. He confirmed the account I have invariably heard from inhabitants of the country, that the glaciers and masses of ice on the Alps are constantly increasing, and the pasture land diminishing in the same proportion. Many a valley he himself was acquainted with, which in the last century fed large herds of cattle, where now scarcely as many single head can pick up a scanty subsistence. Thus, for instance, the Gaster Valley a hundred years ago afforded pasture for six hundred cows during the summer; fifty years ago about half that number could find food; now it will barely support seventy. The same complaint I heard repeated in many different quarters by the herdsmen on the Furka, and in the Grisons. The ice and snow are continually augmenting; the glaciers are pressing down more and more into the valleys, and filling them up; the temperature is sinking: the soil deteriorating and growing marshy. What can be the cause of this alarming change? Are the Alps rising higher forced upwards by some powerful action of subterranean fire? a cause that is conceivable with the chalk formations; or is this alteration of climate proceed from accidental causes of a temporary nature? This much is certain, that where large trees once grew no tree will grow now; and that large roots are found beneath what is now everlasting snow. In some valleys, where the mountain-sides are clothed with firs, they are obviously dying away, and no art can make a young plantation prosper. In the Usern Valley the few pines left by Suwarrow remain, but they do not increase; and in descending from the Wenger Alp, at the foot of the Jungfrau, to the Grindelwald, you see to the left a number of dying pines; whose blackened branches have as spectral an appearance as those on the Altenfiord, in Norway, beyond the polar circle. On the Wengner Alp itself, attempts have been made for years to encourage the growth of trees—they will not succeed; and it is not till three or four hundred feet lower that they flourish in luxuriant vigor.—*Switzerland in* 1847.

Loss of Strength.

The loss of strength is much oftener occasioned by the vices of our youth than by the ravages of age; it is early intemperance and licentiousness that consign to old age a worn-out constitution.—*Cicero.*

Capture of a Crocodile in Celebes.

A male crocodile was caught this morning, (November 25, 1845,) measuring fifteen feet four inches in length; and it is astonishing how quiescent these animals are when taken, allowing their feet to be fastened over their back, and a strong lashing put round the mouth without any resistance, and then brought down, floated between two small canoes. When dragged out of the water to be killed, the monster only moved his tail gently backwards and forwards. Yet, when hungry, it was evident that he would attack both men and boats, for the bones of a poor fellow were found in his stomach. It is probable that these cold-blooded reptiles digest their food very slowly, and that one meal, which is a gorge, lasts them for some time, as is the case with the larger serpents; otherwise, if, like the dragon of old, he required a man or maid for breakfast, the demand would be a heavy drain on a small population. The thigh and leg bones of the Malay were perfect, and the feet had some portions of the flesh adhering to them, and were crushed into a roundish form, whilst the head was found separated at the joinings or processes. The poor man's jacket and trowsers were also found, which enabled the relatives to recognize his remains, and, from his having been a fisherman, it was propable that he was attacked whilst occupied with his lines. A Dyak of Sarambo, who was with him, must have been carried off at the same time.—The mode of taking the crocodile is curious. A monkey or a cat is attached to a stick as a bait, which the monster sucks down lengthways, and when the strain comes on this gets across his throat. To the stick is attached, by a cord, a long rattan, (cane,) which floats on the surface of the water, and which the animal attempts to get rid of. In the vicinity of this floating bait a dog is confined on a stage, beyond the crocodile's reach, in which miserable position it is not surprising that he should howl somewhat lustily. The crocodile, attracted by this noise, approaches the spot with great caution, and the natives state that, if he encountered any resistance when taking the bait, he would immediately retire without making a second attempt. When, however, he has swallowed it, which he does slowly, as he never suddenly tears the bait, he carries it to the shore, and it is sometimes two or three days before the long rattan is found, as he frequently takes it some distance, and secretes himself among the bushes and weeds of a small creek. Rather an amusing discussion arose amongst the natives as to the proper course of dealing with our captive monster, and as the question appeared to create considerable interest and much harmless fun, I encouraged them in the important debate. One party maintained that it was proper to bestow all praise and honor on the kingly brute, as he was himself a rajah amongst animals, and was now brought here to meet the rajah; in short, that praise and flattery was agreeable to him, and would induce him to behave genteely in my presence. The other party said, that it was very true that, on this occasion, rajah met rajah, but that the consequence of honoring and praising a captured crocodile would be, that the crocodile community at large would become vain and unmanageable, and, after hearing of the triumphal progress of their friend and relative, would take to the same courses with double industry, and every one eat his man for the sake of obtaining the like fame. Having maturely weighed the arguments on both sides, taking also into deep consideration the injury so unwieldy a captive might do in roaming over my garden and grounds, followed by a host of admirers, I decided that he should be instantly killed without honors. He was despatched accordingly at the common landing-place on the opposite side of the river, his head severed from the trunk, and the body left exposed as a warning to all other crocodiles that may inhabit these waters.—*Captain Mundy's Borneo and Celebes.*

Humility and Independence.

No humility is thoroughly sound which is not thoroughly truthful. The man who brings misdirected or inflated accusations against himself, does so in a false humility, and will probably be found to indemnify himself on one side or another. Either he takes a pride in his supposed humility; or escaping in his self-condemnations from the darker into the lighter shades of his life and nature, he plays at hide and seek with his conscience. And true humility, being a wise virtue, will deal more in self-examination and secret contrition than in confession. For confession is often a mere luxury of the conscience,—used as the epicures of ancient Rome would use an emetic and a warm bath before they sat down to a feast. It is often also a very snare to the maker of it, and a delusion practised on the party to whom it is made. For, first, the faults may be such as words will not adequately explain; secondly, the plea of 'guilty' shakes judgment in her seat; thirdly, the indulgence shown to confession might be better bestowed on the shame which conceals; for this tends to correction, whereas confession will many times stand instead of penitence to the wrong-doer; and sometimes even a sorrowful penitence stands in the place of amendment, and is washed away in its own tears.

[*Taylor's Notes from Life.*

BLESSED BE THE HAND WHICH PREPARES A PLEASURE FOR A CHILD: for there is no saying where and when it may again bloom forth. Does not almost everybody remember some kind-hearted man who showed him a kindness in the quiet days of his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself at this moment, as a bare-footed lad standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village; with longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor of the garden came forth from his little cottage—he was a wood-cutter by trade—and spent the whole week at his work in the woods. He was come into his garden to gather a flower to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations—it was streaked with red and white—gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver spoke one word; and with bounding steps the boy ran home; and now, here at a vast distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation is long since withered, but it now blooms afresh.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

Importunate Visits.

I quite share with you the feeling that visits are the most importunate at the time when one has just freed oneself from work, and begun to enjoy a brief leisure. My experience on this point is probably of earlier date than yours. It is the constant way of ordinary people to treat this as the best time of all others for their invasions.—*W. Von Humboldt's Letters to a female friend.*

The Boat Horn.

BY GEN. WM. O. BUTLER.

O, boatman! wind that horn again,
For never did the list'ning air
Upon its joyous bosom bear
So wild, so soft, so sweet a strain!
What though thy notes are sad and few,
By every simple boatman blown,
Yet is each pulse to nature true,
And melody in every tone.
How oft in boyhood's joyous day,
Unmindful of the lapsing hours,
I've loitered on my homeward way
By wild Ohio's brink of flowers,
While some lone boatman from the deck
Poured his soft numbers to that tide,
As if to charm from storm and wreck
The boat where all his fortunes ride!
Delighted Nature drank the sound,
Enchanted echo bore it round
In whispers soft and softer still,
From hill to plain and plain to hill,
Till e'en the thoughtless, frolic boy,
Elate with hope, and wild with joy,
Who gamboled by the river's side,
And sported with the fretting tide,
Felt something new pervade his breast,
Change his light step, repress his jest,
Bent o'er the flood his eager ear
To catch the sounds far off, yet dear—
Drank the sweet draught, but knew not why
The tear of rapture fill'd his eye,
And can he now, to manhood grown,
Tell why those notes, simple and lone
As on the ravished ear they fell,
Bound every sense in magic spell.
There is a Tide of feeling given
To all on earth, its fountain Heaven,
Beginning with the dewy flower,
Just ope'd in Flora's vernal bower—
Rising creation's orders through
With louder murmur, brighter hue—
That tide is sympathy! its ebb and flow
Gives life its hues, its joy and wo.
Music, the master-spirit that can move
Its waves to war, or lull them into love—
Can cheer the sinking sailor 'mid the wave,
And bid the soldier on! nor fear the grave—
Inspire the fainting pilgrim on his road,
And elevate his soul to claim his God.
Then boatman! wind that horn again!
Though much of sorrow mark its strain,
Yet are its notes to sorrow dear;
What though they wake fond memory's tear!
Tears are sad memory's sacred feast,
And rapture oft her chosen guest.

A Gem.

The sunlight that follows a shipwreck is not less beautiful, though it shines upon the remains of the broken bark; what is saved is so much more precious than that which has been lost. The domestic circle is always too small to allow of rupture; it is always too precious to make excusable any neglect to prevent or heal disturbance. There are enough to minister by hints and reports to domestic unkindness; and unfortunately the best, under such circumstances, are much prone to mistake, and thus misrepresent motives; and trifles, with no direct object, are magnified into mountains of unintentional offence. It is the same in social life. Let us guard against it. Delicate relations are like the polish of costly cutlery; dampness corrodes, and the rust, though removed, leaves a spot.

Zeal of Party.

Doctor, afterwards Dean Maxwell, sitting in company with Dr. Johnson, they, talking of the violence of parties, and to what unwarrantable lengths party men will sometimes run, 'Why, yes, sir,' says Johnson, 'they'll do anything, no matter how odd or desperate, to gain their point; they'll catch hold of the red-hot end of a poker, sooner than not get possession of it.'

Cheap Entertainment.

No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting.—*Lady Montagu.*

AGRICULTURAL.

SOUPS.—Soups of meat should, as much as possible, be made while the meat is *fresh*; in meat long killed the fibres become stiffened, and the juices of the flesh dried up; hence the greater difficulty in extracting them. In country places, in which markets occur rarely more than once in the week, fresh killed meat cannot always be obtained. In such case, a cook should fry meat intended for soups as soon as she can conveniently do so after it is brought into the house; and this should be done especially in warm weather.

When it is possible, soups should be made the day before they are wanted. A second boiling, if the soup is poor, increases its strength by evaporating the excess of water. The fat, too, is more readily skimmed off when soup is cold than when hot; and the fat it is desirable to clear off completely, as it renders soup, if left in it, too rich. Flour dredged on the surface, uniting with the fat, enables the cook to remove a considerable part of it, if there be not time to allow it to cool. But if the soup is to be clear and transparent, there is a danger of thickening it, though slightly, by this use of flour. Dr. Kitchener recommends, in the 'Cook's Oracle,' another mode of removing the warm fat from soup, that of dipping a tamis sieve or clean cloth in cold water, and then passing the soup through it. The cold temperature of the water in the cloth coagulates the fat, which adheres to it, but allows the soup to pass through. After this process, the soup must be warmed again over the fire before it is served.

Hard or fast boiling is, in making soups, to be carefully avoided. It hardens and contracts the fibres of the meat, so that it cannot yield its juices to the water.—*Prairie Farmer.*

CABBAGE AND GREENS.—All the cabbage tribe, which includes cauliflower, brocoli, coleworts, sprouts, and turnep-tops, in order to be delicate, should be dressed young, when they have a rapid growth; but if they have stood the summer, they require to have felt the influence of the frost to become tender. In order to appear green at table, they must be boiled in hard water. Greens of the above description, when of advanced growth, are better flavored when boiled in two waters, which is managed in the following manner: After they have been about half boiled, take them out of the pot, place them in the colander, and allow cold water to run on them for two or three minutes; then replace them in a fresh pot of boiling water, with some salt, and let them continue to boil briskly till done. Cauliflower should boil more slowly, as it is apt to be broken by the force of a violent ebullition. Brocoli, to be freed from its offensive odor, should always be boiled in two waters.—*Ib.*

TO COOK PARSNIPS.—Persons who have never eaten parsnips cooked according to the following mode, have no idea what an excellent dish they are. Scrape the parsnips, wash and slice them lengthwise; boil in just enough water to cover them till thoroughly done. Then put in a piece of butter, with a little salt and pepper. Beat up an egg with a spoonful of flour, and pour over them. They are then ready to dish up. Parsnips are likewise very good split once and roasted with pork in the dripping pan.—*Ib.*

EGG SAUCE FOR SALT FISH.—Boil three eggs for twelve minutes, and harden them by putting them immediately into cold water; this will also prevent the surface from becoming black.—Chop all the yolks, but only half the whites, into small square dice, and, after putting them into the sauce tureen, pour upon them half a pint of melted butter, not too thick. Stir these well together.—*Ib.*

The best season for pruning is when the tree is in full leaf. Wounds then heal the quickest, and consequently best. The old system of winter pruning should be discontinued.—*Ib.*

A "MISCELLANEOUS" TREE.—A gentleman of Golnitz, in Altenburgh, carried the art of engrafting various kinds of fruit into a native tree so far that it contained 300 samples. This we believe, has never been surpassed. It was a work of love with him. He appended a piece of board to each engraftment which gave the tree an appearance the most amusing. The Russians who once bivouacked in the vicinity, refrained from harming it, although they cut down all its companions for firewood.—*Genesee Farmer.*

A GOOD IDEA.—Mr. Walter Goodale of South Orrington, in a communication published in the Bangor Whig, on the subject of raising fruit, says:—"I never knew a boy to steal fruit, whose father raised it himself, and I would say to all persons who own land and boys, if you wish to make them honest, set out trees, and let them see that it costs something to raise fruit."—*Ib.*